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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 93.

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OUR PET AND HER PETS.
(W. G. Martin, photo.)

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In his Report on the Mining and Mineral Statistics of Canada for the year 1887, Mr. Eugene Coste, M.E., under the head of lithographic stone, regrets that the quarries of that material had not been worked during the year. He points out at the same time that the Bavarian quarries had ceased yielding a sufficient quantity of the best stone for the requirements of the United States market. Under the circumstances it was certainly strange that nothing had been done to develop the Canadian supply. The stone of the townships of Madoc and Marmora and of the Counties of Peterborough and Bruce had been examined and practically tested by lithographers, and, in several instances, was pronounced of good quality. Medals had been awarded for it at various exhibitions. In 1876 lithographic stone from Marmora and Brant was sent to the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia. In describing the exhibits in the catalogue published in that year, the Director of the Survey wrote that during the preceding twenty-five years a number of attempts had been made to quarry the Marmora stone and introduce it to the markets, but without success, and he expressed the hope that the company exhibiting on that occasion would be more fortunate than its predecessors. In 1874 a small steam mill had been erected to saw the stone. Specimens were also sent to London in 1886, but in the following year, it appears, the work of quarrying had been discontinued. Lithographic stone is not mentioned amongst the exports of recent years, though it figures among the imports. It is to be hoped that Canadian enterprise will again find an outlet in this direction.

The exports of minerals from Canada during the last three fiscal years amounted to \$4,300,490, in 1887; \$4,339,488, in 1888, and \$4,673,203, in 1889. In his report of the mineral production of the year 1887, Mr. Eugene Coste gives the total as about \$15,000,000. The largest item in the list is that of coal, 2,368,890 tons, valued at \$4,758,590. This quantity was thus distributed among the provinces of the Dominion: Nova Scotia, 1,871,338 tons, value at mine, \$2,923,966; British Columbia, 413,360 tons, value, \$1,653,440; North-West Territories, 73,752 tons, value, \$156,777; New Brunswick, 10,040 tons, value, \$23,607; Manitoba, 400 tons, value, \$800. The number of men employed was 6,265, of whom 4,367 worked in Nova Scotia; 1,463 in British Columbia; 321 in the North-West Territories; 110 in New Brunswick, and 4 in Manitoba. Next in value to coal is gold—66,270 ounces, valued at \$1,178,637;

next to gold, iron (returns, however, incomplete), valued at \$1,078,728; pig iron being set down at \$366,192, and iron ore at \$146,197 and steel at \$331,199; bricks, valued at \$986,689, come next; petroleum, \$595,868 (763,933 barrels of 35 imperial gallons), being next on the list, and building stone, \$562,267, being next. The remaining minerals are silver, copper, lime, clay products, gypsum, phosphate (\$319,815), salt, pyrites, asbestos, etc. The estimated value of mineral products, of which no return was made, was \$1,610,499.

A curious trade is carried on in fossils in certain districts in the interior of China. One of these fossils, known as the "pagoda stone," is the Orthoceras of the Silurian system. Another is called the "Kosmos stone," because, when polished, it bears a certain resemblance to the Chinese symbol for Kosmos or the world. This is a cephalopod of the Jurassic period. The third of these fossils is called by a Chinese term, which means stone swallows, and is ground up and used as medicine. The Orthoceras and Ammonites are cut and polished, and either framed as pictures or made into ornamental furniture. They are mostly disposed of by the former method, the whole fixture, when completed, and placed on a stand, being not unlike a looking-glass. According to the British Consul at Ichang, about three thousand of these fossil ornaments are annually exported from that district.

How many languages are spoken in Canada? The number corresponds rather with the extent of territory than with the density of the population. It is only now and then that we are reminded of the Babel-like diversity which, altogether apart from the multiplicity of tongues due to immigration from the Old World, prevails between the three oceans and the boundary line. Certainly if it were thought advisable to establish a missionary college in which the languages of mankind should be taught by those who had learned them as their mother tongues, Canada could furnish instructors for a goodly proportion of the classes. No less than eight Turks were comprised in our last year's census of immigration, and Russians, Roumanians and Hungarians have colonies in the North-West. Of the western half of Europe we have no lack of representatives. But, setting aside these imported forms of speech, what a variety of aboriginal languages may be heard within our borders! Father Petitot has given the more northerly a literary rank by publishing the text of some of their traditions. Dr. G. M. Dawson has published comparative vocabularies of the Tinné, Selish and Haida tongues, and the Rev. A. J. Hall has, at Dr. Dawson's suggestion, composed a grammar of the Kwagiutl language. All the tongues of the western half of Canada are comprised by Mr. H. H. Bancroft under the terms Hyperborean and Columbian. In closing his chapter on the latter group, he devotes some attention to the strange Chinook *lingua franca*, basing his comments mainly on the researches of Mr. H. Hale, the ethnologist of the United States Exploring Expedition.

Now Mr. Hale has for many years resided in Ontario, where, in comparative retirement, he has pursued with unabated ardour the studies that proved so fruitful nearly half a century ago. Mr. Hale was the first to deal in a scientific manner with the Chinook "Jargon." Referring to his labours in connection with it, M. de Quatrefages

wrote in the last edition to his work on "The Human Race": "That eminent anthropologist has found in Oregon and north of that country a sort of *lingua franca* which, born at first of the necessities of commerce, is to-day employed almost solely by many individuals. This idiom has already its vocabulary, its rules, its grammar. The elements composing it are borrowed from four languages—two American (Nootka and Chinook) and two European (French and English)." Now, we have just received from the publishers, Messrs. Whitaker & Co., of London, a copy of a most interesting little volume, entitled "An International Idiom: A Manual of the Oregon Trade Language or 'Chinook Jargon,'" by Horatio Hale, M.A., F.R.S.C., member of the Canadian Institute and of a great many learned bodies in Europe and the United States. To this little book—a model of what such a work should be—we shall have occasion to refer at length by and by. We simply mention it now as additional evidence of the attention which the origin, speech and traditions of our Indians continue to receive from our men of research.

It is with no common regret that we find ourselves obliged to speak in the past tense of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. He looked so strong, so cheery, so hopeful, before he was seized by the illness that was to prove fatal that, with his other friends, we for a time refused to believe that he was sick unto death. Some weeks ago we were comforted with the assurance that he was gaining strength and that his recovery was probable. But this assurance was not followed by confirmation, and ere long we began to receive gloomy forecasts, which ultimately took the form of sad certainty. For about a week before the fatal hour, the attending physicians had ceased to look for any result but that which we now deplore. It is not long since we published Mr. Chauveau's portrait and a sketch of his career. With his habitual courtesy he wrote to thank us for what we deemed only justice to his talents, character and services. Subsequently he called to express his thanks in person, and we were much pleased to see him looking so hale and hearty. He said he had never felt better in his life, and spoke with characteristic enthusiasm of certain literary projects on which he was engaged. During his life of three score years and ten Mr. Chauveau filled many rôles with credit to himself and satisfaction to the public. But to us he was for nearly thirty years the lover of learning, the friend of higher education, the scholar and the man of letters, the sympathetic promoter of our native literature, both French and English.

CANADA'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Appended to the valuable report on the Mining and Mineral Statistics of Canada, compiled by Mr. Eugene Coste, C.E., there is a short treatise by Mr. George F. Kunz on the precious stones that are found in the Dominion. Although some attention has been given to this branch of our mineral wealth in previous reports of the Geological Survey, no mining for precious stones has as yet taken place in Canada, which, as Mr. Kunz points out, can scarcely be called a gem-producing country. What it possesses in this important department of mineral production is, however, of peculiar interest, some of our gem minerals, though not of gem quality, being of dimensions that make

them much sought after by collectors, and have secured them prominent places in the cabinets of the world. Some of them are, indeed, from their stupendous size and rare perfection, more prized than even cut stones from other countries. The zircon crystals, for instance, individuals of which have been known to weigh fifteen pounds, and specimens of nearly a pound being not uncommon; the twin crystals of the same mineral, single and twin crystals of black titanite, which attain a weight of seventy pounds each; the abounding amethysts of Lake Superior; the green chrome garnets of Orford, and the white garnet crystals from near Wakefield, are among the most remarkable of these precious finds. Being esteemed for their mineralogical interest, these crystals have considerable commercial value. That some of them may be of service in the arts is almost certain. Mr. Kunz thinks that the rich green apatite crystal could be worked into ornaments such as are made out of fluorite, which it transcends in hardness. One apatite crystal was found to weigh more than five hundred pounds.

Some of our readers may recall the exhibit that our Survey prepared for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia and the elaborate Descriptive Catalogue that accompanied it. The museum and offices had not yet been removed to Ottawa, so that Montrealers had an opportunity of seeing the wonders (not in the mineral kingdom alone) gathered from the remotest habitable north and west of that (in Dominion annals) comparatively remote date. A special section was devoted to minerals applicable to the fine arts and to jewelry. There were polished specimens of green porphyry, another showing white crystals in a dark-coloured base, a vase of Grenville (P.Q.) labradorite made in Paris, cut and polished specimens of albite and perthite, a vase of jasper conglomerate from the Bruce Mines, an ornamental pile of hundreds of pieces of amethystine quartz and several specimens of agate. Mr. W. A. Morrison, of Toronto, also sent a collection of precious stones to the Centennial. In 1886, the Survey sent a still fuller collection to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of London. But, as Mr. Kunz well observes, the field of Canada is so vast that, notwithstanding the progress of research in recent years, only a small part of its great expanse of territory has been thoroughly examined. No diamonds, no emeralds have so far been observed in Canada, though in Maine, not far from the frontier, fine aquamarines occur. Crystals of beryl, over an inch in diameter, have been found in Berthier and in Saguenay Counties, and specimens of these may be seen in the Survey Museum at Ottawa. Tourmaline also occurs in this province, in the townships of Chatham and Villeneuve; and at Calumet Falls, Clarendon and Hunterstown, P.Q., and Ross, Ont., fine yellowish or translucent brown crystals (furnishing an occasional gem) have been discovered. Black tourmaline occurs in large crystals at Murray Bay, St. Jérôme, Lachute and other localities, and the velvet black, evidently an indicolite (giving a blue powder) is seen at Madoc and Elzevir. Garnets occur in British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec. The faces of the splendid almandite garnets found along the Stickeen are, from their perfect form and polish, the most beautiful in the world. Though not transparent enough to cut into gems, they could be used for watch jewels. Beds of pure red garnet rock, twenty-five feet thick, are met with in the gneiss at St. Jérôme,

and in quartzite at Rawdon, Marmora and elsewhere. Andradite garnet is found on Texada Island, B.C. Hyacinth is found in crystals at Grenville, P.Q., (but not of gem value) and in fine crystals associated with idocrase at Wakefield, P.Q. The green chrome garnet (ouvarovite), found in Orford, is among the most beautiful known examples of this rare mineral. The crystals, transparent dodecahedrons, rarely above an eighth of an inch in diameter, and of the deepest emerald green, are found lining druses in cavities of crystalline limestone. But for the small size of the crystals, this green garnet would take high rank as a gem. The familiar "diamonds" which tourists used to take away as souvenirs from Quebec are small doubly terminated crystals found in the limestone of the Levis and Hudson River formation. Smoky quartz is found in immense crystals—some weighing a hundred pounds—near Paradise River, N.S. Milky and rose quartz are also found in many localities. Jasper abounds in Canada, and Mr. Kunz thinks it strange that so beautiful an ornamental stone should have been so long neglected. Dr. G. M. Dawson believes that the jade used by the Selish and other Western Indians for their implements belongs to the highly altered and decomposed rocks of the Carboniferous and Triassic series. Labradorite, which exists in great quantities on the coast of Labrador, is also found on Lake Huron and in some localities in this province. Epidote occurs in pea-green veins in the fine-grained reddish gneiss of the Mingan River and Ramsay, Ont. Peristerite, a variety of albite so named from its peculiar opalescence, suggesting the hues on the neck feathers of a pigeon (*peristera*), is met with at Bathurst, Burleigh and near Perth, Ont. At Burgess, near the latter place, what is known as perthite, which, like peristerite, is well adapted for ornamental uses, is found in large quantities. Pyroxene, fluorite, ilmenite, olivine, prehnite and titanite are other precious stones more or less abundant in various parts of the Dominion. The titanites of Canada have long been famous, and many thousands of dollars' worth of them have been sold as specimens. Mr. Kunz makes mention of a great many other minerals of price which have not yet been found in paying form or quantity. Specimens of the most important may be seen at the Museum of the Survey, Ottawa; at the Redpath Museum, Montreal; at King's College, Windsor; at the School of Mines, New York, and the New York Museum, Albany. For his information Mr. Kunz acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Coste and Mr. Brumell, of the Survey, to the late Rev. Dr. Honeyman, and to Mr. C. D. Nimms, of Philadelphia.

THE NEW ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Douglas Sladen forwards the following suggestion for a new route to Australia:—For some years past the line running between San Francisco and Sydney *via* Honolulu and New Zealand has been issuing tickets from Australia to England at the same price as the two main all-sea lines, the Orient and the P. and O.—viz., \$350—first class. This includes cabin passage from Sydney to San Francisco, transit across the American continent by the various transcontinental lines (sleeping car accommodation and meals on trains extra), and cabin passage from New York to Liverpool by the various Atlantic steamship companies.

This is a magnificent advertisement for the

American Pacific railroads. The Canadian Pacific has hitherto not participated, but it has a double opening. In the first place, it can make an arrangement with the various steamship lines running between Montreal and Liverpool and with the steamers running from San Francisco to Vancouver and offer this route—Sydney to San Francisco, San Francisco to Vancouver, Vancouver to Montreal, Montreal to Liverpool—charging the same rate, viz., £70—\$350, not including sleeping cars or meals on trains. But this has trifling attractions compared to the following:—Melbourne *via* Sydney, Brisbane, etc., to Hong Kong and Yokohama, Yokohama to Vancouver, Vancouver to Montreal, Montreal to Liverpool.

There is a line of tea steamers, which carry passengers, trading between Melbourne and Yokohama. The C.P.R. would have to make arrangements with these steamers, called, as far as I remember, the Eastern and Australian line, which would enable them to carry passengers from Melbourne to England at the same rate as the Orient, P. and O. and San Francisco line, viz., £70—\$350 (sleeping cars and meals on trains extra), and then they would receive nearly the whole of the trans-Pacific Australian passenger traffic. Most Australians would dearly love to see Japan if they could take it *en route* for England, though they shrink from the long voyage to Japan and back again without "furthering" themselves; and all of them long to see Canada, the great sister colony, with its untold, almost unworked, fields for investment. In my opinion it would be essential that the C.P.R. should offer this route at the same price as the other lines from Australia to England—though they might in working find the passengers willing to pay a slightly advanced price.

The advantages to Canada and the C.P.R. would, it seems to me, be immense. In the first place, in every advertisement of the "Eastern and Australian" line in the Australian papers and on their sign boards and prospectuses, Canada and the C.P.R. would figure largely and prominently; and, in the second place, Australian capitalists would travel across Canada instead of across the States.

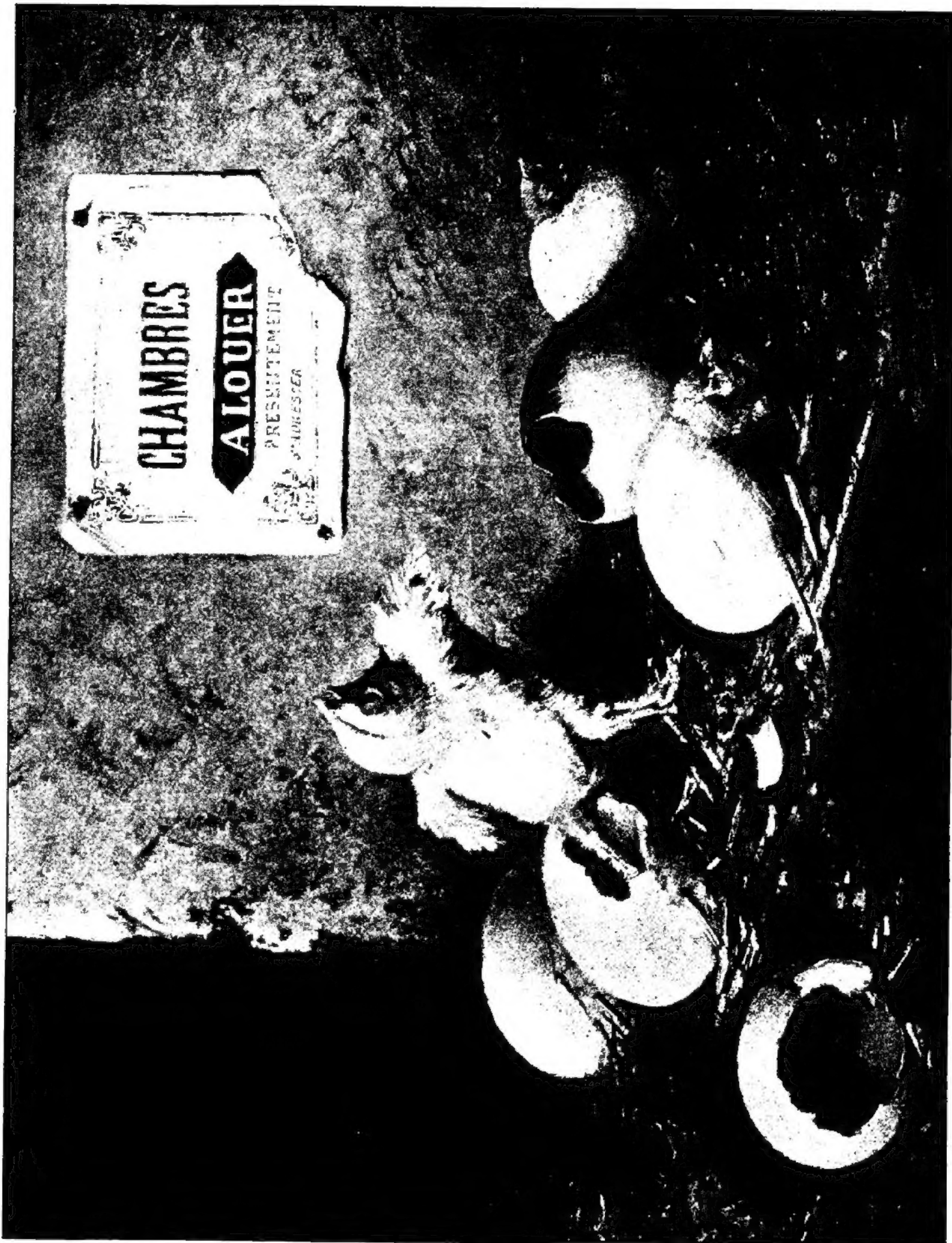
Now the Australian has large capital and is a singularly bold investor, not at all averse to investing outside his own country, and Canada notoriously has the greatest prizes in the world for practical investors—for she has so many undeveloped enterprises, particularly in mining and sheep-ranching—enterprises in which the Australian speculator is inclined to look afield, for the various Australian governments are so thoroughly awake to the profits that can be made by squatting (*i.e.*, ranching) and mining that they have become very hard taskmasters to the speculators in these lines.

Once, by holding out the attraction of Japan and the travel across a sister colony, make the Australian capitalist take the C.P.R. route to England, and his embarking in Canadian enterprises is a certainty; and he is exactly the man to do it well, because he understands colonial conditions, and what he takes in hand he attends to personally.

Charles F. Coghlan, the eminent English actor, is at present in Prince Edward Island writing a play for his sister Rose, and fishing when he isn't writing. Miss Coghlan has received a very pressing invitation to spend the summer with her brother. "I think I shall go," she said, "I want to get to some place where I can roam about in a free and easy sort of a way, and where I can dress as I please."



EDWARD MIALL, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.
(Topley, photo.)



MOVING DAY.
(From the painting by Lengo.)



OUR PET AND HER PETS.—What could heart desire more than this picture—save the original of it? And who is this charming young lady? Well, reader, she is the grandchild of a poet—the little "Ethel" whom Mr. George Martin has immortalized in his "Marguerite and other Poems." We cannot do better than give, as a meet companion to our engraving, that delicious piece of word painting. Here it is:

ETHEL.

Little sky-waif, come astray
Twice twelve months ago to-day:
What a world of joy is thine!
What a glow of summer shine
Cheers the house wherein thou art,
Sly magician of the heart.

In those large, those azure eyes,
All the splendour of the skies,
All the beauty that belongs
To the poet's sweetest songs,
All the wisdom known and lost
That the wisest sage could boast,
Beam and lure and half reveal
Secrets that the gods conceal.

See those ringlets all unshorn
That her pretty neck adorn—
Golden hues and silken gloss
On the charmed air they toss
Sun-gleams in a starry spray—
Dearest little laughing fay!

See her tiny feet beat time,
In an ecstasy of rhyme,
To the pearly notes that win
From the speaking violin.
See her fingers, dimpled, white,
Mimic with a grave delight
Those that wonderingly she sees
Race along the ivory keys.

Hear her prattle, indistinct—
Much we guess at, still we think
It may be some long lost speech
That she fondly strives to teach—
Language known to airy things,
It may chance, whose spirit wings
In a merry mischief keep
Little human elves from sleep.

Ask her father, ask her mother,
They will vouch there is no other,
Never was on land or sea
Such a charming girl as she.
Surely they who know her best
Must the simple truth attest:
But if further proof you seek
Let her solemn grandpa speak—
He a mighty oath will swear,
By the silver in his hair!
By his sober-sided muse!
All good people needs must choose
Make confession, that for grace,
Loveliness of form and face,
Ways so simple, yet so wise,
Large-eyed Ethel takes the prize.

MR. EDWARD MIALI.—Mr. Edward Miall, Deputy Minister and Commissioner of Inland Revenue and Commissioner of Standards, is the son of the late Mr. Edward Miall, for many years representative of Bradford in the British House of Commons, and a Nonconformist leader. He was born in England in 1838, and was educated there. He married Miss Arkell, of Oshawa, Ont. He entered the Civil Service of Canada in 1870, and five years later was appointed to a position on the Fishery Commission at Halifax. He was a member of the Pacific Railway Commission, 1880-81. On the 29th January, 1883, he was appointed to his present office.

MOVING DAY.—In this picture of young life our readers will recognize a not unseasonable reminder of what to many is a source of anxiety and trouble and to few a source of pleasure. "Moving Day," though fixed by custom for the first week in May, is itself one of the moveable festivals. In our engraving we have represented one of the two great "moving days" which all humanity, like the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, may count upon as its only certain heritage. We come into the world—that is the first moving, and we leave the world—that is the final moving. Apart from allegory, the artist (Lengo) has really dealt effectively with his subject.

THE WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—In continuation of the views that we have already given of the chief architectural features in our Dominion Capital, we publish in this issue an engraving of the Western Departmental Buildings. The grand blocks that constitute the public buildings of Ottawa have every advantage of site and environment to set off their architectural beauties. What these are we have already, with the aid of Mr. Dixon, Mr. S. E. Dawson and other experts in description, tried to set forth worthily. To many of our readers they are more familiar than "household words," nor are there any of them (we believe) whom the fame of this grand pile has not reached.

CHAUDIERE FALLS AND C.P.R. BRIDGE.—This engraving shows in a good light and from an effective standpoint one of those famous cataracts which give a peculiar character to so many of our Canadian rivers. Of these the Chaudiere, of which a different view was presented in a former issue of this journal, is one of the best known. The bridge in our picture is one of those imposing structures which have added so much to the convenience of the districts traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

BIG PIC RIVER BRIDGE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—The region traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway from Sudbury to Port Arthur has an interest of its own. As our readers are aware, a branch railway leaves the main line at Sudbury, reaching Algoma Mills on Lake Huron and then pursuing its way to Sault Ste. Marie at the outlet of Lake Superior, where an immense iron bridge affords connection with two American lines—one extending to Duluth, the other to St. Paul and Minneapolis. In summer transcontinental passengers can leave Montreal at ten o'clock in the forenoon on Tuesdays and Fridays, and reaching this historic point (the Sault), take the lake steamship for Port Arthur, without losing a moment's time. Continuing from Sudbury, along the north shore of Lake Superior, the tourist soon comes to two short branch lines leading to the famous copper and nickel deposits. Smelting furnaces have been erected at Sudbury to reduce the ores on the spot. Many rivers flowing into the great lake are crossed by the railway, and the bridges are mostly structures well worth examining. Near Onaping the falls of the Vermilion are seen, and from this point to Biscotasing the scenery is especially fine. Biscotasing, situated on an irregularly shaped lake of the same name, has a considerable trade in timber and furs. Dog Lake is crossed near Missinabie. A short portage connects the waters flowing southward into Lake Superior with those flowing northward into Hudson Bay. Furs are brought for shipment from the far north. For sixty miles westward there are many rock cuttings. At White River, besides the usual equipment of divisional stations, there are yards for resting cattle *en route* to the eastern market. The line follows the river of the same name to Round Lake, and then, after crossing a generally level tract, reaches the Big Pic River, which flows southward into Lake Superior, not far from Middleton Station. Here there is a fine high iron bridge, as shown in our engraving. These bridges are well worthy of study and have won the admiration of scientific tourists from Europe and the States. This spot is also of interest as the starting-point of a region some sixty miles in extent, which comprises some of the boldest scenery east of the Rocky Mountains. Rock cuttings, viaducts and tunnels are for this distance of constant recurrence, and some fine glimpses are obtained of the Lake and its rugged northern shore. Every feature in this scenery deserves careful observation both from the lover of the sublime and the man of science.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.—This engraving is from a painting by Mr. Blair Bruce, who was born in Hamilton, where he served his time in an architect's office. At the end of his apprenticeship he felt more disposed to paint than design, and finally left for France in 1881. He entered the studio of Bouguereau and Fleury at Paris. In his first year he had a picture accepted at the Salon of 1882. He has also exhibited at the Royal Academy of Stockholm, Sweden, and the Royal Academy of Great Britain. Among his best paintings are the following: "Border of the Forest," "The Poacher," "The Walker of the Snow," and the "Temps Passé," the last of which was purchased for the permanent Art Gallery at St. John, N.B. He spent the winter in Rome. He is about 28 years old.

CASCADE OF THE COLUMBIA, SELKIRKS.—This is one of a number of western mountain scenes with which our untravelled readers have been made fairly familiar from our previous illustrations. Our engraving presents a characteristic view of one of the most interesting features in the physical aspect of this part of British Columbia. Writing of this portion of the transcontinental route, one tourist, who has recorded his experience, says: "A wide, deep forest-covered valley intervenes, holding a broad and rapid river. This is the Columbia. The new mountains before us are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping around into the Columbia valley, we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand."

MEMORY PICTURES.

On memory's wall what pictures hang
Of scenes, and friends, of days gone by;
They hang with faces to the wall,
And just a tinting of the sky—

A daffodil,
A song's refrain,
A rippling rill,
Will turn again

The pictures to our inward view,
Dim in the mists of long ago,
Or with the tints as fresh as though
'Twas yesterday the scenes were new.

And who, although some scenes are sad,
Would drink of Lethe, and lose them all?
Who, though at some the teardrops start,
Would lose the scenes on Memory's wall?

So dear they are,
For they bring nigh
Friends that are far,
Days long gone by,
Scenes that are far away from us,
O'er miles of land, o'er miles of sea;
And long-missed faces, full of glee,
Start from the pictures dim with dust.

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—CANADA (continued).

III.

Annexation to the United States as a possible future for the Dominion may be safely dismissed, with the few remarks made in a previous article, and the further observation that, while certain tendencies in that direction are visible the feeling at present in the country as a whole is to the effect that we have a better and more popular system of government, superior constitution and laws, a more equitable distribution of wealth and fewer internal dangers than has the United States, and that such a solution of the difficulties which we experience from time to time, in common with all other nations, would be disgraceful, as well as disastrous to our best interests as a people. Canadian development has, however, produced a sentiment amongst a number of our young men which is in many respects a noble one; which has arisen from events beyond our control as a people, and which may in the future become stronger if not dealt with in a way that will place before the young Canadian a loftier object for his patriotism than that of which he now occasionally dreams. Two causes have led to the growth of this feeling, both due, in a large degree, to the effects of the American revolution. The loss of these colonies led England, in the first place, to entirely change her method of colonial government, and to go, in fact, from one extreme to the other. Instead of regarding them as integral parts of the Empire, subject to taxation and representation as much as were the citizens at home, it gradually became the custom to think and speak of the colonies as the dependencies which would, when strong enough, seek separation of their own accord and have it willingly granted them. The statement that "colonies were like fruit which, when ripe, fell from the parent tree," became an adage and formed the staple upon which writers theorized and dwelt, until they made the public believe it was almost an indisputable fact.

This, of course, had a certain effect in the colonies, and though our writers and politicians have, until a very recent date, protested their loyalty and disbelief in the theory, it cannot be denied that this line of thought and argument, which was, up to ten years ago, so largely followed in the mother country, has been the cause of the growth of a limited independence sentiment in Canada to-day.

Then, in the second place, the United States is to the superficial student of material progress, a living example of what may be achieved by an independent Anglo-Saxon community and the contiguity of that country has undoubtedly had its effect in developing this feeling in Canada.

What, then, would independence mean for the Dominion, and how would it affect the mass of the people, who are, as yet, so largely in favour of maintaining their present position? It must be pointed out, in the first place, that a certain grave doubt underlies the discussion of all these questions. It is usually said, and the writer of these lines has himself made the statement that certain possibilities lie before Canada, and that she can as a nation choose between them. Such is the inference to be drawn from the policy of the mother country in the past. When, however, we glance at the great interests which Britain now has in Canada; the capital invested; the absolute necessity of Halifax and Esquimaux to the Atlantic and Pacific fleets; the advantages of the C. P. R. as an imperial highway; the immense privilege which it would be in time of war to have free use of our coal-beds in Nova Scotia and British Columbia; the loss of prestige which would accrue from the separation of Canada from the Empire, it really becomes a matter of serious doubt whether we could effect a peaceful secession from the Crown. Moreover, in considering this question, it must be remembered that a large number of Canadians are as loyal as even the men of a century ago who came to Ontario from the United States and would fight rather than sacrifice their allegiance to Crown and Empire.

Could the mother country, in justice to her national honour, aside altogether from the question of interests, leave this appealing minority to be crushed in a case such as I have supposed by a disloyal majority? If a certain tendency towards independence has been caused, as I have pointed out, by Great Britain's past policy, it is well to recollect that times have changed since the days when Bright and the disciples of the Manchester school urged the "emancipation of the colonies." Now, indeed, it seems to be the universal desire of Imperial statesmen of every party to maintain and perpetuate the unity of the empire by cordially responding, in the words of Mr. Disraeli eighteen years ago, "to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

No British statesman now neglects an opportunity of preaching, in season and out, the greatness of the Empire and the advantages of maintaining its unity, and no audience fails to respond by the most hearty applause to the expression of such sentiments.

Let us suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that Great Britain had consented to our separation from the Empire, and that an ordinance to that effect had unanimously passed our Legislatures, what, under the most favourable circumstances, would be the results?

The establishment of a republic somewhat after the American plan, and the adoption of all the inconveniences, expenses, and centralizing powers of such a system; the formation of a central government and a constitution upon one of two lines—either a federation of the loosest kind, as regards the power of the federal executive, or a strong central authority such as that possessed by the United States. If the former, it would be impossible for the national government, apart from the all-powerful protection and prestige of Great Britain, which now assists so greatly in maintaining our constitution from constant change, and our country, perhaps, from internal discord, to hold the various and distant provinces in continual union. Any fancied act of federal aggression; any provincial interest which might for the moment conflict with those of the central government, would immediately lead to threats of secession or of American interference.

If, on the other hand, it were proposed to adopt a firm and centralized system, the objections from the provincial authorities would be so great as to probably over-ride the advocacy of an otherwise first principle. To add to the lack of internal stability would cause the probably increased activity of American emissaries and ambitious politicians; and then, if we ever desired to enforce the maintenance of our national union against some disaffected province, it could be most justly pointed out that if it were right and legitimate for the Dominion to secede from the Empire, why should it not be equally the privilege of a province to secede from the confederation.

Thus, we would eventually find ourselves face to face with the bitter problem of "State Rights" in an even more acute form than that which the American Union had to encounter, and accentuated by the fact that we should be at the mercy of the men and money that might pour in from the other side of the line to assist one combatant or the other.

But, granted that we founded a stable system of government and overcame these obvious difficulties, we should still have an enormously increased expenditure to face. Some sort of an army would have to be established, if only a very small one; a certain number of war-ships would have to be built to protect our trade and fisheries, because we would not have the immense reserve of power, wealth and population which has enabled the United States to do without such an armament in the past; we should have to send consuls and ambassadors to the chief cities and countries of the world, and assume all the other numerous expenses which are absolutely necessary to a full national establishment.

This great increase in our expenditure would result in increased borrowing at a higher rate of interest, because the present low rate is largely due

to the national safety ensured by British connection, and a general addition to our national and individual taxation. To cap the climax would come a keen appreciation of the fact that instead of independence we had only, after all our troubles and exertions, obtained a position of practical dependence upon the will and pleasure of the United States.

To say nothing of our Atlantic and Pacific fisheries, which could be seized by them at any time in spite of our puny army and navy; the difficulties arising from possible disputes on our Alaskan frontier, or from the occasional abrogation of treaties, might bring us face to face with war—or surrender—and the difference in population and power, to say nothing of the \$349,000,000 which it has been recently proposed to expend on an American navy, would seem to indicate submission as the most probable alternative.

The result would inevitably be annexation, as our pride, mistaken though it might be, would probably revolt from a proposal to seek our place once more within the bounds of the British Empire. If, again, Mr. Erastus Wiman's suggestion were adopted, and we should seek and obtain independence in order the better to get commercial union with the States, the result would be identical: the adoption of the same tariff against outside nations and the pooling of our revenues, with the probable assimilation of our excise and internal revenue taxes; the creation of a council to adjust matters at difference between the two countries, upon which we should be represented in a ratio of one to ten. The fact that we should be *unable* to change our tariff without the consent of Congress, and be *obliged* to change it whenever they saw fit to make an alteration—taxation without representation—would, when combined with the loss of revenue accruing from the removal of custom houses along the American frontier and the consequent encouragement to trade with the States instead of England and the further loss thus insured by decrease of British imports, result in a demand for the advantages as well as disadvantages of annexation, and political union would inevitably follow this attempt to obtain certain supposed benefits without the corresponding responsibilities.

Advocates of Canadian independence seem to base their arguments chiefly upon the advantages which would accrue to our people were we relieved from the dangers of European entanglements which are now said to menace us. It has, I think, been shown that our responsibilities under independence would be very great, and it only remains to say that in our present position we are, of course, liable to be involved in any great war that England may have to face, but that upon the whole the balance of advantage is decidedly on our side. We receive the all-powerful protection which the Empire affords and the prestige which its greatness adds to the crown of our young nationality, while we give nothing in return but our allegiance and hopes of a future when we shall be strong enough and great enough to be of some material service to that Motherland which has done so much to develop our growing wealth, mould our constitutional system and encourage our national aspirations. Let me say, in conclusion, and I find it necessary to postpone the consideration of the great question of Imperial Federation as it may effect Canada to a future article, that I believe a weak independence is not the true destiny of our country, and that the future of this great Dominion cannot be better described than by these eloquent and prophetic words of Lord Dufferin when he said: "In a world apart, secluded from all extraneous influences, nestling at the feet of her mother, Canada dreams her dream, and forbodes her destiny—a dream of ever-broadening harvests, multiplying towns and villages and expanding pastures; of constitutional self-government and a confederated Empire; of page after page of honourable history added as her contribution to the annals of the Mother Country and to the glories of the British race; of a perpetuation for all time upon this continent of that temperate and well-balanced system of government which combines in one mighty whole, as the eternal possession of all Englishmen, the brilliant history and traditions of

the past, with the freest and most untrammelled liberty of action in the future."

Our watchword, as a people, should be these beautiful and expressive lines of Tennyson:

"Love thou thy land, with love far brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought."

TORONTO.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master;
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the shadow hunter
Who walks the midnight snow.

Save the wailing of the moss-bird
With a plaintive note and low;
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I: Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
If I had but company.

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snowshoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me
In a capuchon of grey.

Bending upon the snowshoes
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no foot-marks on the snow.

Then the fear chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the shadow hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter
And had withered in his sight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is fallen low:
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!

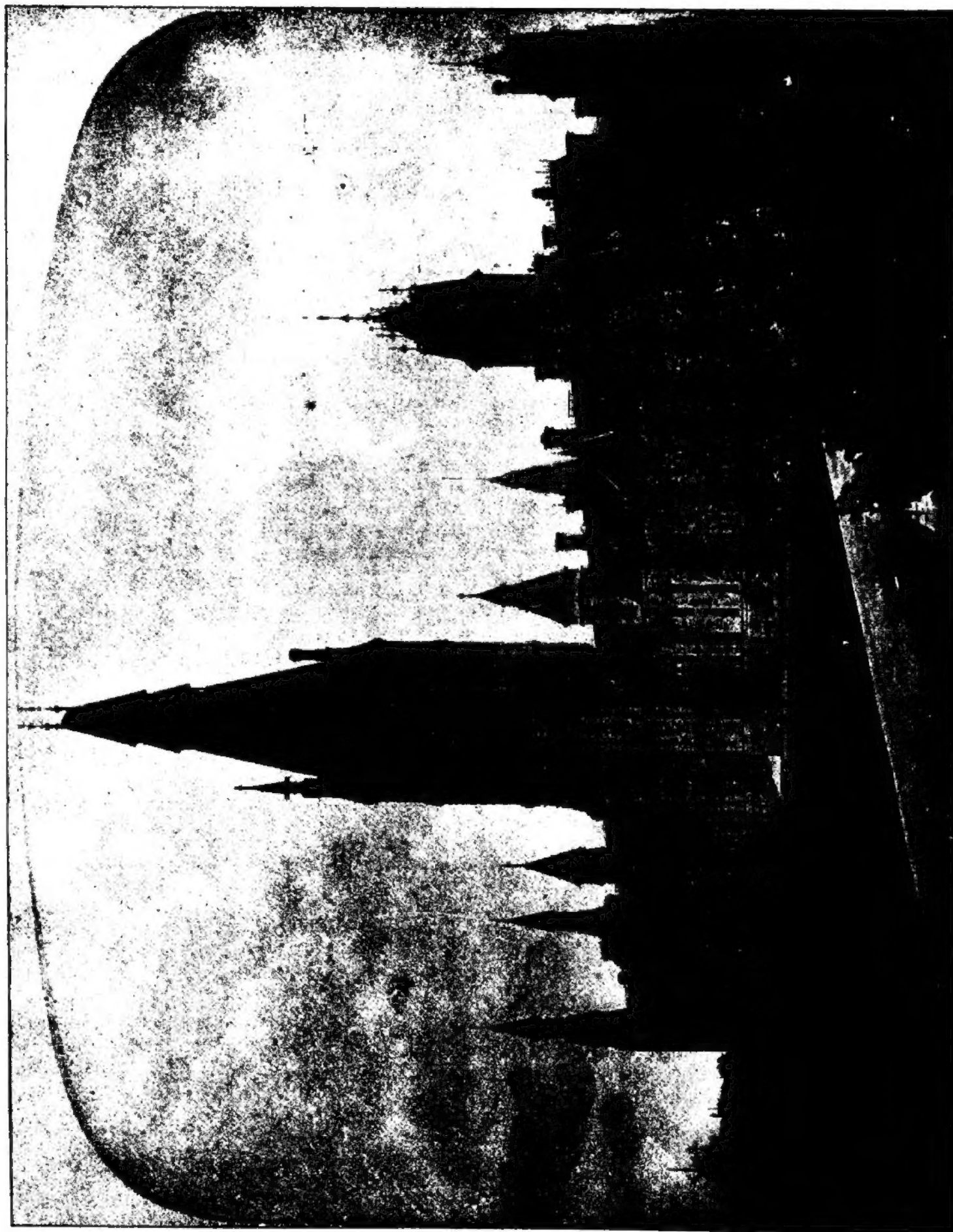
C. D. SHANLEY.

CURIOUS LOSS IN THE MAIL.

At Christmas time some person in another city enclosed a gold ring in a letter as a gift to a friend in this city. When the letter was delivered, the ring was found to be missing, and a clean cut circular hole through the envelope showed how it had escaped. A search was instituted, and it was found that the letter containing the ring had been placed in the packet beside a packet containing quite a large sum of money in greenbacks. The weight of mail matter upon the bag containing these letters had forced the ring through the envelope in which it was contained, and nearly through the package of greenbacks, in which it was found imbedded. When the money packet was opened, the ring dropped out, together with a large number of circular fragments of greenbacks of the exact size of the ring, which had been cut out as neatly as with a die.—*Boston Advertiser.*

MAGNETIC PLANT.

A genuine electric vegetable has been discovered in India, in the depths of the forest. If a leaf is broken off, the hand breaking it receives a strong electric shock. No bird or insect ever alights upon this strange plant. It shows all the properties of an electrical machine, deflecting the magnetic needle when it is brought near to it. In a rain storm the electrical properties disappear. The magnetic energy is most powerful at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Strange to say, none of the magnetic minerals are ever found near where this plant grows.



THE WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BUILDING, OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)



THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS AND C. P. R. BRIDGE, OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)



EASTER LILIES.

Come near and lay them at the Saviour's feet ;
All that are lovely, filled with fragrance sweet ;
Choose but the purest flowers for that high place,
For naught but what is perfect sees His face.

So speak Earth's creatures : but behold ! on high,
Echoes a voice that fills the earth and sky :
" All these are precious, but to me most dear
" The stained, the torn, the trembling, filled with fear.
" These I would gather closely to my care,
" And make, once more, so spotless, pure and fair,
" Choose not the fairest flowers as offering meet ;
" The bruised blossoms I would make complete."

Sherbrooke.

MAY AUSTIN.

An Ottawa correspondent, who signs himself "Scrutator," writes as follows :

There can hardly be a doubt that many of the Indian names of places are derived from Hebrew. Chicago, *kikargo*, the nation of the plain; Milwaukee, *melek*, a kingdom; Niagara, *nigar*, to flow down; Ontario, *natar*, to flow; Ottawa, *tina*, to circumscribe; Toronto, *tara*, moist; *nata*, low; Arizona, *erez*, cedar trees; Illinois, *ilana*, trees; Labrador, *barad*, hailstorms, etc. I may add that names of continents and countries are also of Hebrew origin: Europe, *eripha*, ruins; Africa, *aphar*, sand; America (in hithpael), *hith-ameer*, to use or abuse the services of others for gain and advantage; France, *phara*, fruitful; Spain, *shapha*, abundance; Prussia *borus*, fir trees; Russia, *roush*, poor.

These etymologies are certainly ingenious, and, if it were not already fairly well established that most of these names are of Indian origin, might be accepted as something more than examples of homophony. Chicago is said by authorities on the Indian languages to mean "a skunk," from the Cree "chicag" or "sigag." Milwaukee is said to be the Ojibway equivalent to Terrebonne—"good land." Ottawa is traced by some to the Algonquin word for "ear," by others to a word meaning "bulrushes." Illinois is believed to mean simply "men" or "people." According to Abbé Cuoq, Toronto means "A tree in the water," the root being "Karonta," a tree. (See *Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise*, pp. 12 and 51.) To account for the euphonious name of Arizona, which one might fancy a contraction of *Arida Zona*, the "arid belt," the Zuni Indians have a poetical legend. Ever so long ago, they say, a race of men sprang out of the earth, as plants rise out of the ground. This race increased until it spread over all the habitable surface of the globe, and then after countless ages it gradually waned and passed away. For many æons after its disappearance, the earth remained without inhabitants, till at length the sun took compassion on its loneliness and sent a celestial maiden to repeople it. This young goddess, called Arizona—the "Maiden Queen,"—dwelt long in solitude. At last, as she basked one day in the sunbeams, a drop of dew fell from heaven and rested upon her, and in due time she was blessed with twins, a son and a daughter, who became the ancestors of the Zuni people, the only pure and genuine children of the sun existing in the world. As for the other races—black, white or olive-coloured—they are of inferior stock and apostates, not to be compared with the fair descendants of Arizona. "Eretz," (the earth) would suit this legend better than "erez" (a cedar tree.)

"Scrutator's" European etymologies are also, we believe, open to question. The only geographical names in his list for which, with any semblance of reason, Semitic origins have been suggested, are Europe, Spain and Africa. The Hebrew word for "evening," which we find in the first chapter of Genesis, and which, in its softened English transliteration, would be "Ereb," has been suggested as the root-word of Europe. A Phœnician term has by some theorists been assigned as the origin of Africa; but, like the derivation of Europe just given, it is purely conjectural. To the Phœnicians has also been attributed the naming of Spain (the "land of rabbits,") from the abundance of those animals seen on the southern shores of the peninsula. These etymologies are fanciful, but they

have at least a certain historical foundation. But we cannot imagine why a Semitic language should be deemed necessary to account for the derivation of American names, especially when aboriginal languages are known to exist.

THE WINTER TREES.

Clean-limbed and grey beneath the glorious blue
Of winter heav'ns—their branches, thin and dry,
That meet with icy rattle, reaching high,
Touched with pale sunlight, stark and frozen through.
And when the sunset glories burn anew,
And warm lights on the snowy reaches lie,
The branching trees, against the red-lit sky,
In countless still black lines are etched to view.

When all the heav'ns are one dull, sunless grey,
And sifted snow flies on the furious blast,
The trees like spectres gaunt their long arms bend,
Before the driving wind they bend and sway,
Tossing and moaning in an anguish vast,
As branch and limb the storm sprites wildly rend !
Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

These who have been happy enough to enjoy the hospitality of the accomplished master of Spencer Grange, or who have made his acquaintance through his charming and instructive books, are not likely to be ignorant of the natural beauties and romantic associations of Belle Borne Brook. Mention is made of it in the earlier "Maple Leaves," in "L'Album du Touriste," in "Monographies et Esquisses," and in "Picturesque Quebec." In the chapter on Spencer Wood (which took its name from the Right Hon. Spencer Percival, a relative of whom occupied it from 1815 till 1833), in this last work Mr. LeMoine writes: "Well can we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne Brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Woodfield, due west; the historic stream *Ruisseau Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill." And in his sketch of Spencer Grange in "Maple Leaves" we find this attractive picture: "The whole place is girt round by a zone of tall pine, beach, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overhanging under a leafy arcade, a walk which zig-zags round the property, following to the south-west the many windings of the Belle Borne streamlet. This sylvan region, most congenial to the tastes of a naturalist, echoes in spring and summer with the ever-varying and wild minstrelsy of the robin, the song-sparrow, the redstart, the thrush, the red-eyed fly-catcher and other feathered choristers, while the golden-winged woodpecker heralds at dawn the coming rain of the morrow, and tame crows, rendered saucy by protection, stray through the sprouting corn, in their sable costume, like worldly clergymen computing their tithes. On the aforesaid walk, once trodden by the prince of American ornithologists, the great Audubon, whilst on a visit to Mr. Atkinson at Spencer Wood, was conferred the name of Audubon Avenue by his Sillery disciple, the author of "The Birds of Canada." One of the romances with which, in past generations, Belle Borne Brook was associated is thus hinted at in the sketch of Woodfield in "Picturesque Canada": "Woodfield was occupied as a dwelling during several years (1795-1802) by Bishop Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec. During his occupation he removed a bridge that spanned Belle Borne Brook, with the intention of cutting off communication with Powell Place (Spencer Wood), the neighbouring estate, for reasons which it is not now necessary to enter into."

With these few words of introduction (unnecessary, doubtless, to many of our readers), we have pleasure in making known the following tribute, sent us by Dr. J. M. Harper, to the rare beauties of

BELLE BORNE BROOKLET.

Rippling sings the burnie sweet
As summer comes again
The songsters meet, its rhyme to greet
Adown the woodland glen.
The Mayflowers blink beside its brink,
The willows shade its breast,
As merrily round the bubbles link
To crown each wavelet's crest.

Though meadow-born it runs as clear
As mountain rill in spring,
And laughs to leap the headlong steep,
And round its foam to fling;
Or heedless glides between the slides
Its flaky foamings stain,
Until at length its prattle hides
Within the river's main.

Long years ago it turned a mill,
But now it only sings,
Or, standing still, above some rill,
It weaves a thousand rings;
Or yet at dawn, it dewes the lawn,
As robins sip its spray,
Or yet at noon, with growing brawn,
It sings its loudest lay.

Its winter's song has lain asleep
Within its downy bed,
But, spring a-peep, its frolic's sweep
With melting mirth is fed;
And now it sings, and welcome brings
Awakening everywhere,
Round Spencer Grange* whose woodlands range
With nature's springtide prayer.

J. M. HARPER.

*Spencer Grange is the residence of J. M. LeMoine, Esq., the Canadian antiquary and historian.

From a young poet, whose name is brimful of poetic promise, of which his verse is a guarantee of performance, we have received through a most worthy sponsor these lines :

TO A WATER LILY.

(Sicilian Octave.)

Sweet-scented water lily, white and fair,
From the blue rippled bosom of the lake,
So pure thou art, as an embodied prayer
That from the heart of silent love doth break !
Resting on water, breathing sun-steeped air,
So Nature placed thee, for thy beauty's sake,
Lest touch of earth thy whiteness should impair
And from thy body frail thy spirit take.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton, N.B.

BROWNING.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED :

SIR, My esteemed friend, Pastor Felix, has sent you opinions of Canadian men of letters on the characteristics of Robert Browning as a poet,—in my own instance, perhaps, too hastily expressed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, admirable wife and most competent judge of the genius of her illustrious husband, gives the best criticism :

"There, obedient to her praying, I did read aloud the poems

Made by Tuscan flutes * * *
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep
down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined human-
ity."

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

BROWNING.

In the lines on Browning, from the pen of "W," which appeared in our last issue (April 5), the word "secure" in the line, "His pregnant verse at times secure," ought to have been "obscure."

THE READING OF NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention. And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And, even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You cannot quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quickens search for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think of.—Emerson.

A MINIATURE WATCH.

At the Paris Exposition a Florentine friar shows a watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has not only the two regular hands, but a third, which marks the seconds, and a microscopic dial which indicates the days, weeks, months and years. It also contains an alarm, and on its front lid or cover an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis. On the back cover, by aid of a powerful glass, you can distinctly see and read two verses of the "Te Deum."

A RAMBLE THROUGH QUEBEC OF OLD WITH A SPECTRE.

MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1535, ON BOARD
JACQUES CARTIER'S LITTLE SQUADRON, NEAR
HARE POINT, ON THE ST. CHARLES,
AT QUEBEC.

"On the 24th December, 1885, at Quebec, the author of 'Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier' met Laverdière on the Grande Allée."

ERNEST MYRAND.

As Charles Laverdière, the learned annotator of the voyages of the discoverer of Canada and of those of the founder of Quebec, had then been dead twelve years, it is evident that the personage who accosted Mr. Ernest Myrand on this memorable night, and who furnished the subject of his weird dialogue, was not the good Abbé Laverdière, such as we knew him in the flesh, but a ghostly, though genial, phantom, delegated to wander on earth in our frosty December weather, even on nights not specially set apart, by popular belief, for supernatural visitations, such as All Souls' Day.

The reader may expect, strange though it may seem, a vivid, perhaps not unwelcome, appeal to the teeming realms of the imagination in order to obtain a portraiture, in bold relief, of scenes purporting to have been enacted in our midst more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

Our cicerone will be a youthful writer, losing the rein to his exuberant fancy, and seeking both to amuse and instruct by carefully paraphrasing the records of the past.

What Jules Verne did for science, Flammarion for astronomy, Mr. Myrand would fain undertake for Canadian history. A very competent authority* tells us in plain terms he is not unlikely to succeed.

The writer has chosen as the *locale* of this ghostly encounter the *Grande Allée*, leading to Sillery, where it diverges into the Belvidère road. Assuredly, one could not select a more apt instructor in Canadian history than the Rev. Abbé Laverdière. The Abbé's ghost is not one of those morose, ill-mannered spectres, peeping at nightfall from behind tombstones in rustic cemeteries, but an alert, sprightly, well-informed, disembodied spirit, evincing at every step proofs of the scholarly learning which brought it, when in the flesh, academical honours. To a most natural question put to it by the young student of history—as to where it came from—it replied that at that late hour, 11.30 p.m., it had just returned from paying its respects to the monument.

Trusting Mr. Myrand won't object to us having a word to say, especially when the sacred name of Sillery is mooted, we might point out several neighboring spots where the ghost of a historian, waked for the nonce, might love to linger—such, for instance as the green wood where Father Liégeois was beheaded in the summer of 1655, where now stands Clermont, while a few rods to the west Arnold's Green Mountain Boys made a successful raid at Christmas, 1775, on Lieut.-Governor Cramahé's larder, stripping his farm house of all its valuables. These broad acres, dear to our youthful neighbour, Gustavus Stuart, Esq., Q.C., are now known as Meadowbank. Let me first formally introduce Mr. Myrand's learned phantom: "Nothing fantastical," says Myrand, "was apparent in the demeanour of the archaeological priest; no flowing garment over the bust of a skeleton; nor was his a grave, solemn chilling, silent deportment; nothing sinister in his looks, sepulchral in his voice, livid in his countenance. The gusts of the night wind affected him not, nor was his form transparent as that of an ordinary spirit should be; his outline was projected on the snow in immaculate whiteness, and gave one the idea that his shadow would yield to the touch."

"Can your gaze," softly said the phantom, "take in this Quebec of the past? There goes Brulart de Sillery, a Commander of the Order of Malta; Charles Huault de Montmagny, a brave knight of St. John of Jerusalem; Bras de Fer de Chateaufort. Here comes Champlain, M. de Monts, M. de Chates, Chauvin, the Marquis de la Roche, Roberval, Jacques Cartier, Verrazini, and Laverdière seemed as watching in silence and lovingly the stately procession of discoverers, great captains and administrators, as they passed before him in chronological order. "No," added the ethereal visitor, "it is not the Quebec of to-day one cares to study, but the sturdy fortress alive with warlike alarms in the past—the triumphant Quebec of the 21st December, 1775; the sorrowing city of the 13th September, 1759; Frontenac's proud fortalice of the 16th October, 1690; Kirk's puritanical town of the 20th July, 1629, when British colours were temporarily floating from the bastions of the Chateau St. Louis; Champlain's nascent *Quebec* of the 3rd July, 1608; primitive and wild Stadacona, the barbarous home of Chief Donnacona and his copper-coloured warriors; the cluster of Algonquin huts, nestling like chickens under their mother's wing; the Canada grasped on the 14th September, 1535, by the immortal Jacques Cartier."

Thus magnificently discoursed to me the ghost of Charles Honoré Laverdière, M.A., at half-past 11 p.m. on the 31st December, 1885, as we leisurely walked along the Grande Allée, the antique and fashionable street *par excellence* of the Ancient Capital. Laverdière had died twelve years previous, on the 11th March, 1873. I ought to have recollected that the historian had ceased to belong to the living. Some how or other, I was, as I have since thought, under

some kind of a spell, else how could I have failed to ask him whence he came. I could not have been quite myself, else I should not have struck up, as I walked, an old French song on this Christmas eve. I may have felt a secret fear and sang:

"Y a trois petits anges
Descendus du ciel,
Chantant les louanges
Du Père Éternel!"

We were rapidly nearing the City Gates; soon we ascended *les buttes-à-Nippon* (Perrault's Hill), casting, as we went along, a glance behind at the solid dismantled Martello Tower, dating from 1806, a mournful, forgotten sentry, seemingly left by the British legions. We both lingered here a moment, under the spell of the wondrous panorama spread around. To the north the populous, progressive city ward honored with the name of Montcalm; in the distance the verdant woods of Ste. Foye; to the south, across the St. Lawrence, the thickly inhabited heights of St. Romuald and St. David de l'Aube-Rivière; to the west, the waiving pine groves of Spencer Wood, the well-kept highway leading to Sillery, the smiling country-seats around and beyond Mount Pleasant, embowered like nests in the overhanging woods; lastly, the sweetly pretty valley of the meandering St. Charles.

"What changes in the *mis-en-scène* of the city!" exclaimed Laverdière.

"Are they not for the better?" said I, "though evidently you are not in a mood to be complimentary."

A faint smile stole over the placid features of the ghost; recovering itself, with becoming gravity, it thus continued:

"There, down in St. Louis street, I can descry the tenement of the cooper, François Gobert, where Montgomerie was laid out, also the site of young Surgeon Arnoux's dwelling, where Montcalm, sorely hurt, was conveyed amidday on the 13th September, 1759. Close by stands Madame Hugues-Péan's house, a present from Bigot. Some few yards beyond, on the opposite side, at the corner of ParLOUR and Stadacona streets, Abbé Vignal had his house and gardens, close to the heavy and extensive cloister of St. Ursula, before he left the city at the call of duty for Montreal, where, at *La Prairie de la Magdeleine*, on the 27th October, 1661, he was murdered, roasted and eaten by the Iroquois."

"I own up to belonging to that class which Horace styles *Laudatores Temporis Acti*," added the genial phantom, "so do not be surprised at the tone of my remarks; please also to bear in mind I am not alone in this way of thinking. The time was when Quebec held, as administrator an enlightened diplomat—Lord Dufferin. To him the Ancient Capital owes the restoration of her city gates—a sacred inheritance from our fathers—when threatened to be razed by the stupidity of the Town Council. Pause and admire this far-sighted statesman!"

"Had I his wealth, power and prestige, I, too, would strive to complete his patriotic project."

"Can you wonder if I am led to recall only the glorified past?"

We had gradually penetrated into the neighbourhood of the Basilica, passing on our way through ParLOUR street, St. Ursula's heavy and extensive cloister, and next the deserted site where, until 1877, was the famous Jesuit College, whose solid walls at last succumbed to dynamite alone, where our ears were assailed by a deafening clangour of church bells: the *carillon* of the Basilica, that of St. John's Church, of St. Roch, of St. Sauveur, all the city bells, in fact, except one—that of the Jesuit's Chapel—silent, alas! all calling the faithful to Midnight Mass. The streets were crowded to excess. Just at that moment the musical chime of the Anglican Cathedral pealed forth its sweet, weird melody, passing dear to British ears, *Auld Lang Syne*; the old year, with its sorrows, ushering in a hopeful New Christmas. Evidently joyful tidings were at hand: *Adeste fideles, laete triumphantes*. How my heart yearned to enter the sacred edifice of the Basilica. I longed to hear again the solemn tones of its great organ—to inhale the fragrant incense ascending in clouds heavenward . . . but another mission awaited me."

The above is but a faint outline of some of the incidents most eloquently discoursed on by the youthful Mr. Myrand in the first part of his weird dialogue with a spectre who had joined him on the *Grande Allée* on Christmas Eve, 1885. Let us for the present close it with the appropriate old Christmas carol:

"Nouvelle agréable!
Un Sauveur Enfant nous est né!
C'est dans une étable
Qu'il nous est donné!"

J. M. LE MOINE.

Spencer Grange, Christmas Eve, 1889.

L's papa being a member of Congress, the child naturally inhaled politics with the air she breathed, and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Republican fold. Miss Blank, a friend of her sister, and a political heretic in her eyes, was visiting in the family. Late one evening the child, searching for her sister, wandered into the guest's room, where she found Miss Blank in the midst of her devotions. L. stared at her in open-eyed astonishment, and as the young lady arose from her knees exclaimed: "Why, Miss Blank! do you say your prayers? I thought you were a Democrat!"—*New York Tribune*.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Miss Helen Gregory's Tea, at the Russell House, Ottawa, on Monday, 7th inst., was very enjoyable, the guests greatly appreciating the instrumental and vocal music and the recitations.

"Heavenly Love" is the title of a painting, by J. B. Scholl, at present being exhibited in the new annex of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. It has already been visited by a number of our best connoisseurs, and received from all the highest praise.

Mr. Oscar C. Bass, who, during the past year, has been on the staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, received the compliment of a farewell lunch on Saturday last, just before starting for Victoria, B.C., where he takes a position on the editorial staff of the *Colonist*. Bon voyage!

Mr. Archibald Lampman, author of "Among the Millet," spent his Easter holidays with friends in Montreal, and many warm admirers of his genius were granted an opportunity of grasping his hand and hearing his voice.

"Let those love now who never loved before,
And those who always loved now love the more."

That rarely interesting novel, "The Children of Tomorrow," by Mr. William Sharp, a brief notice of which appeared in this paper last summer, has been brought out by Messrs. Frank J. Lovell & Co., of New York, as one of their International Series. We once more cordially commend it to our readers.

We hope we are betraying no confidence in repeating a whisper that we happened to hear to the intent that Mrs. H. A. Hensley, of Mount Rundell, Stellarton, N.S., was about to give us an enlarged collection of the poems which were received with such favour last summer. Mrs. Hensley, as many of our readers know, was formerly Miss Sophie M. Almon.

Through the kindness of Mr. G. Mercer Adam we have been favoured with a most welcome gift entitled "Bay Leaves—Translations from the Latin Poets," (printed for private circulation). Our readers may judge of its value by the signature, "G. S.," to the Introduction. As an example of Canadian book making, it does the utmost credit to Mr. C. Blackett Robinson.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. George Hles, of a copy of an admirable study on the "Constitution of the United States," mainly bibliographical. It is from the pen of Mr. William E. Foster, and is one of the excellent Economic Tracts of the Society for Political Education, with which Mr. Hles is closely connected. This tract was first published in 1881, but it now appears in an enlarged and revised form.

Those who would enjoy a really good novel—the author is disposed to call a Saga—should get a copy of "The Bondman," by Hall Caine, recently published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son. It deals with Manx and Icelandic life, and is equal in interest to "The Deemster," by the same gifted author. Messrs. John Lovell & Son have also published "A Girl of the People," a thrilling story of Liverpool life, by L. T. Meade, "Sylvia Arden," by Oswald Crawford, and other good novels by English writers of repute.

A Canadian novel, called "Marie Gourdeon, a Romance of the Lower St. Lawrence," written by Miss Maud Ogilvy, will be published shortly by Messrs. J. Lovell & Son. It deals with a comparatively new field. The scene is laid at Father Point and the neighbourhood of Rimouski. The book is said to be one worthy the attention of Canadians, who should strive to encourage a patriotic literature and develop a taste for description of the beauties of their own country. The subscription list is open at Drysdale's, 232 St. James street, Montreal.

It is rumoured that the Victoria Rifles (Montreal) will have a bazaar in their Armory some time next fall, and that if it is the success that it ought to be, not only will the amount still due on their new Armory be paid off, but also a machine gun will be purchased. At least so says their popular colonel, F. C. Henshaw. There is no doubt that such a gun would be a very good assurance against any serious disturbance in the city. A mob would not like to face a machine discharging some 1,200 or 1,500 shots per minute and sweeping a whole street.

The *New England Magazine*, of Boston, is devoting considerable attention to Canadian subjects. Since last December four articles have appeared in its columns from Canadian pens, and another article on Canadian writers is announced to appear in the May number. The writer is W. Blackburn Harte, and the article is in some sense a sequel to his article on "Intellectual Life in Canada," which was published in the December number of the same magazine. The forthcoming article will be richly illustrated, and it will contain sketches of every writer of prominence in the Dominion.

At a meeting held at the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissiale a few evenings ago, the St. Jean Baptiste Society of this city passed resolutions deploring the death of the late Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sheriff of Montreal. The president of the Society, Mr. L. O. David, M.P.P., occupied the chair, and among those present were the Hon. Justices Baby, Jetté, Loranger and Mathieu, Aldermen Jeannotte, Perrault and Gauthier, the Rev. Curé Sentenne, Abbé Desmazes and Mgr. Tanguay. The Rev. Curé Sentenne, Judge Baby, Mgr. Tanguay, Judge Mathieu and Mr. F. N. Archambault, all spoke in the highest terms of the deceased statesman and scholar.

*Rev. Abbé Bérin (now bishop), in introduction to work erected by the Sillerymans to the founder of the settlement in 1637, Commander de Sillery, and to the Missionary Father Enimond Massé, at rest under the nave of his little chapel at Sillery Cove since 12th May, 1646.



BIG PIC BRIDGE, C. P. R., LAKE SUPERIOR.
(Wm. Norman & Son, photo.)



THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.
(From the painting by W. Blair Bruce.)

A Dog I Once Met.

No one could ever presume to say he *knew* Jeff. His full name was Jefferson Davis, so called—though a Canadian because born during the American Civil War.

He was not always called Jeff. It depended very much on the mood he was in. In his hours of relaxation and general *bonhomie*, he was addressed as "Jeff"; when in disgrace, "Jefferson Davis," and nothing could exceed his Chesterfieldian deportment when known as "Mr. Davis." He was a rough black and tan terrier of no particular breed—his coarse black coat without a gloss.

If accidentally you touched him—he never allowed a caress even in his weakest moments—you found it was not soft as "the fur of the beaver or swan's down ever," but rather hard, prickly straw. His ears were cut close, so was his tail—it being little more than a tip. His large intelligent eyes were keen in their outlook on a world he had no confidence in.

From the very first he let it be distinctly known he would not go for rats, though got for that purpose. When young and innocent—if he ever could have been the last—he sometimes, in unguarded moments of youthful impulse, would stand at what he wished you to suppose was a rat-hole, barking vigorously. If he ever came across one, he would stare it down with dignified surprise and then walk away.

He was lent once to a ratcatcher to be trained in what was ostensibly his vocation; but he routed the terriers and left the rats. I don't remember if he made friends with the rats, but he was capable of doing it. As you see he was not a thoroughbred dog in any way; but what he lacked in breeding, he made up in individuality.

He had strong aversions. His affections he kept well in hand; was always on the spot, and always knew his own mind. In callow days he had been taught by large bribes of cake to walk on his hind legs and shut the door. He did it with an air of great distinction, not as if he had ever been trained to it, or had accepted bribes, but rather as if it was the one thing for dogs to do, terriers in particular, and threw into his manner condescension.

My first introduction to him was on a visit to his proprietors in Montreal—no other word could fit the position he held with them. He merely tolerated the elders; on good terms with the young people, he still allowed no intimacy or familiarity. Often when studying Jeff, I became for the time being a firm believer in the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

I still incline to the belief that his small body was the temporary habitation of a faded worldling, one who had exhausted all the phases of soul life, finding nothing new even in being a black and tan terrier. I think he must have been a club man, for Jeff was exclusively fastidious, without much opinion of man or dog nature. Given too much to self-analysis, he had lost faith in all things, and in consequence gave the idea of a melancholy dog without much pleasure in life. In one thing alone he unbent and showed frivolous feelings of enjoyment. To snatch a drive in the trams was the one thing Jeff *seemed* to think worth living for. Lying with his little sharp gloss black nose between his tan paws, seemingly asleep, but for an occasional twitching of the bright orange patch above his eyes, he would listen to all that was said. His talent in that way was known by the Barnards, and often they thought to sell Jeff by using ambiguous terms. But in vain the dodge, Jeff knew them, and apparently harmless remarks would bring forth in Jeff most unexpected results, for he knew all the plans for the day, and formed his own upon them. When supposed to be keeping watch and ward at home, when well on the way Jeff would come from under the seat with a "Here, Sam, aint you pleased!" expression of face, and a propitiatory wag of what ought to have been a tail.

It was a brave conductor and one with great tact who got him out without a row. Generally the tram was stopped, and Jeff with his party left. Jeff, with an air of having had enough of it, was glad to have reached his destination.

Towards the spring his spirits drooped. Well he remembered the early exodus to the country, suburban life he endured with protesting and an almost aggravating resignation; but the real unadulterated country of the Eastern Townships his soul abhorred—that is when he knew it.

He held, with Sydney Smith, that life in the country was sleep with the eyes open, and much preferred a stroll down Sherbrooke street to country rambles. He knew with keen intuition there was something up, unusually up, when he saw the amount of packing cases, and went from case to case with an elegiac appearance worthy of a tombstone poet or sensational novelist.

Then Jeff was ill! But somehow he never impressed people as being an utterly truthful dog, and the ruse was treated with the contempt it deserved. After that failure he was found well lost, as he thought, in the garret. He was kept well in sight afterwards and taken forcibly to the station. There his spirits revived, the crowd and bustle evidently acting as a tonic.

Taken into the passenger car, he lay snug and quiet in Daisy Barnard's lap. He loved dearly anything that had a diplomatic ring. Reaching Richmond station, he was carried into the ladies' waiting room fast asleep. When last seen he was seated on a bench with a solemn look worthy of a bishop. But when all was ready for the start to Elm Tree Farm Jeff was not to be found.

He was well known at the station, being a dog not easily forgotten, and was hunted for most thoroughly; but at last

it was decided he had either gone on in the train or been run over. I felt when I met my friend I had lost, if not an affectionate, at least an interesting friend, and had much sympathy with his own feelings, if still alive.

Three weeks afterwards, as the Barnards were sitting at breakfast, Jeff turned up with a smiling face. One side of his mouth had been badly bitten in a fight with a bull dog, in which he had been terribly mauled, giving it an uplifted look, showing three small sharp white teeth. It gave him a noticeable expression, taking form and colour from his moods—sometimes smiling, sometimes snarling, oftenest one of scorn. On this occasion it was affably smiling—one he generally assumed when not sure of his footing with the family.

It appeared, from inquiry, that after a general loaf of three weeks round the station, he had decided upon letting himself down by degrees to the seclusion of Elm Tree Farm, staying for a longer or lesser period from the farm house as he liked or disliked his surroundings. Not having been received with the enthusiasm he had looked for, after a short sojourn he again disappeared. No one had seen him, no one had heard of him, and Jeff began to be spoken of in the past tense and his virtues remembered. But alas! the best laid plans of man we are told often miscarry, and in this instance that universal law extended to those of dogs. Jeff was found in this way: As Daisy Barnard and her sister were returning from the post-office they met a horse and cart driven by a young Frenchman, who was making the evening air vocal by his reiterated "Marche done!" Walking towards the sunset glow they could not distinctly see a little dog running beside the cart. Not so that little dog. No glow or glamour ever dazzled his keen sight. From afar he had known them; but, like many another who loves devious ways, he overacted his part.

They would have passed him unknowing in the safe ambush he had sought under the cart, when he *barked* at them. Not a joyful bark of recognition, but one at strangers he was not quite sure of. Now Jeff's bark was not one easily forgotten. I think he barked in chromatic scales. But, at all events, that bark gave him away. He was at once pounced on, and, after explanations to the courteous Frenchman, carried home.

That autumn it was decided to leave Jeff for the winter in charge of a friend in Melbourne. We bade farewell to Jeff and our friends with the desolation that comes with being left behind. A fortnight after—a wet, dark October night—we heard Jeff's bark at the hall door, peremptorily demanding admission. He was caked in mud and frightfully tired, refusing even to eat. He had made three attempts for freedom,—once he was captured crossing the bridge, the third time he swam the river and ran twelve miles to our house. For a week he would not leave it, attaching himself to my father in quite a touching way for Jeff, that for a time almost deceived us into thinking it disinterested. That winter we had a collie pup. Great was the deference shown him, Jeff giving up what had been his favourite place on the rug, waiting patiently until he was fed; in fact metaphorically, as well as literally, walking behind Don in all things. As winter melted into spring, we often spoke of our friends' return, not heeding Jeff as he lay on the outer edge of the rug, Don well in front. But after a while we did remark a gradual change in his manner. By delicate gradation he became more self-assertive to Don and not so obediently deferential to us. He had a bad quarter of an hour with the cook and broomstick on the old lines of *meum* and *teum* in the matter of a bone. At last, just three days before his people returned, he had his first fight with Don. That evening, without as much as a "Thank you!" Jeff left, and was found by his people on the verandah of their house, one wag from the crown of his head to what he wished to have been a tail, and a general appearance of having been in charge during the winter.

Towards the end of that summer two girls from Montreal came on a visit to Elm Tree Farm. Jeff never took to them, treating them with distant hauteur of manner until a diabolical design came to him. The girls were haunted by hydrophobia and saw in every dog the possibility of madness. Jeff soon grasped the situation, and with lip well curled, would walk round them snarling and sniffing at their heels.

Poor girls! They would take refuge on chairs, sofas, and even tables, though he never tried to bite. But dread had become to them the neuralgia of indignation. They mistrusted him! He hated them! So it was quite an uncalled for attention his escorting them to the station on their return to town.

He was undecided to the very last, or his plans not quite formed; finally he made up his mind, heading after the carriage at a good pace. The last seen of him by his old friends, he had been seen to get into the train for Montreal. The conductor, when interviewed, said he had seen a dog answering to the description of Jeff. He seemed to belong to no one. After taking the tickets, he returned to put him into the baggage car, but he was not to be found. He had been seen by his two enemies—so they wrote—after reaching Durham station. Whether he had secreted himself until reaching Durham and then got off in his usual dignified manner, rather than be forcibly evicted, or seeing he had for once made a mistake, losing his head had jumped off and been run over, was never known. One thing alone was clear, he had made up his mind not to winter again in the country.

For a long time—he had such a knack of turning up—we all thought he might return, and got into the habit of listening for his bark in the long autumn nights. His re-

turn became almost a tradition amongst us, like that of King Arthur and Emperor Barbarossa, and a subject of fireside talk in those old sweet days that have long since, with Jeff, become a memory.

AUGUSTA COX.

AN APRIL ALIBI.

Crispin Hjärward was my friend,
With his Saxon eyes and hair,
And that spirit all his own;
Like an Ilesman of the Northland
With his earldom on the sea.

More to me than kith or kin
Was the silence of his speech,
Full of quiet from long faring
On the forest ways aloof;
Brown as steep hill brooks at noon
Touched with the red Autumn sun,
Were his fearless tender hands;
And the years went brightening by.

Now a lyric wind and weather
Break the leaguer of the frost;
And the shining rough month March
Crumbles into sun and rain;
But the dawnless night with slumber
Wheels above his rest and wakens
Not a dream for Crispin Hjärward.

Now the uplands hold an echo
From the meadowlands at morn;
And the marshes hear the rivers
Rouse their giant heart once more,—
Hear the crunching floe start seaward
From a thousand valley floors,
And far on amid the hills
Under stars in the clear night
The replying, the replying,
Of the ice-cold rivulets
Plashing down with many a joy
In their arrowy blue speed;
The crisp twilight hilled and fretted
With innumerable sound,—
The return of Spring with tumult
Of the freshets unimprisoned
In the universal thaw.

Now, the same bright way of wonder
He so loved with his great heart,
The awaited sure return
Of all sleeping forest things
Is reheralded abroad
On the cherry-scented earth,
Till the places of their coming,—
Wells the frost no longer hushes,
Trails no drift doth trammel now,—
Hail them as of old once more.

But the one lost melody,
The loosed silver chord which rang
Once aforetime resonant
Through Mid-April, like a voice
Through some Norland Saga crying
Skjal to Death, comes not again;
Time shall not revive that presence
More desired than the flowers.
Longer wished for than the birds,
April comes, but April's lover
Is departed and not here.

Sojourning beyond the frost,
He is weary and no more,—
Though the wing-bright highholes rally,
And along the barrier pines
Morning reddens on the hills,—
No more to the forest flutings
The bright Norland's April fondling
Gets him forth afoot, light-hearted,
On the unfrequented ways
With compassionate Spring.

New York.

BLISS CARMAN.

TRUST.

When beneath the sombre clouds
All the stars are lost from view,
Do we doubt that they are there
Gemming heavens purple-blue?

And when sorrow's clouds shall come
'Twixt us and our Father's love,
Shall we doubt that it is still
Watching o'er us from above?

A SUNSET.

A line in the west of purest gold,
With grey clouds, lying, fold on fold,
With fringe-like edges across the gold.
And under a plain all white with snow,
A beautiful frill for the golden glow;
And many a sunset with crimson glow
Have I seen in days before, but ne'er
Have I seen as dainty a sky, or fair,
As this with its bar of purest gold,
With gray above it, fold on fold.

"The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

CHAPTER V.

"I hope you are happy here."

One of Agnes's favourite walks was past the smithy. She thought the blacksmith typical of what a blacksmith should be, since Longfellow had given to her mind that living portrait of "The Village Blacksmith."

Martin Maynard was a man of somewhat over thirty, with a strongly built, tall, broad frame. His hair was thick and straight and black; eyes blue, light blue; and the brows above them were as black as his hair, and met above his high, straight nose. His skin had that weather-beaten appearance which such dark men often have, and which seems so much to add to their manliness.

Agnes had always been interested in forges since the days of her childhood, when her greatest privilege was the pleasure of accompanying her pony to the smithy to watch the process of his shoeing. She had first been interested in this man on account of his occupation. This turned to a deeper interest when she discovered the affection existing between himself and Alminere.

Alminere never spoke of him, but Agnes had met them together on several occasions, and there was no mistaking the tenderness of his whole manner, or the light in Alminere's face when he was near.

It was a lovely September evening; the sun had set, leaving the sky unbroken in its blue; there was a slight north wind, enough to give eagerness to the air, exhilaration to Agnes Power's spirit.

She came down stairs with a scarlet shawl over her arm. Maxwell walked out of the library and took possession of the shawl and, metaphorically, of her.

"You are too fond of walking alone."

However fond she was of walking alone, she had no objection to such a charming companion.

It was dark when they retraced their steps over the bridge. The flame-lighted face of the post office clock shone like a descended moon, and showed the big dark hands pointing to half past seven.

Turning the corner, they almost ran against a couple apparently engrossed with each other. "That Lajeunesse girl and her lover," said Maxwell, when they had passed.

Agnes instinctively felt there was something of contempt in his tone.

"She is a beautiful girl."

"As far as beauty goes, yes! but there is a good deal of the devil in it; for my own part, I fancy all women should be fair."

The lamplight fell just then on Agnes's head and reached that band of dead white hair. He noticed then the sad droop about her eyes and the pain-set mouth, and presently he spoke.

"I hope you are happy here."

"I am not as unhappy as I might be; but no woman could be content in a dependent position. I was thinking just now of a sad little story of Besant's 'Katherine Regina.' I sat up to read it last night, and it has impressed me much, it is so true. There are so many girls fitted to meet the world fairly in the position birth had placed them, and unfitted to grace it when fallen into poverty. Besant suggests a remedy in 'the taxation of bachelors!' But a better preventative is for every girl to be brought up in the thorough knowledge of one branch of art or study."

Maxwell threw back his head with his own peculiar gesture, "Poverty isn't half the trial these sensational people try to make it out."

"Isn't it?" said Agnes quietly.

She felt how utterly useless would be the task of trying to make this happy-minded and moneyed young man comprehend the cruel cramp of poverty. But there was something wonderfully winning about this careless-hearted man. He had the way about him that most women love. There was always a tender inflection in his voice, a smile in his eyes when he turned to them. Agnes did not wonder at his mother's worship. But she did wonder that such a woman should have a child with so much light in his nature. Nature was all flaws to Mrs. Melville's far-seeing eyes; kindness but the cover to some selfish cause; disinterested motive, senseless gush; and the man who touched anything stronger than Adam's primeval drink, a creature to be abhorred. Mercy was for the good. But how then could it be called mercy? For mercy means the conduct of one towards another who merits something else!

When Agnes and Maxwell reached the house, Mrs. Melville was in bed, groaning, in one of her "attacks."

Agnes was for ever dreading them; but now, when they came, she knew exactly what was to be done.

It was past midnight before the moans subsided, and Mrs. Melville feebly announced she was better. Agnes was pale and tired. The strain of ministering to a person whose moans increased at every movement you made to alleviate that suffering, the constant running up and down stairs with poultices, the stifling atmosphere, had all told on her. A feeling of intense gratitude towards Maxwell rose within her, when he drew her aside and whispered she was to go to rest.

"I will look after mother, and she will be all right in the morning."

Tired out in body and spirit, Agnes fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

CHAPTER VI.

"But I kept myself good."

It had been a dull day.

Agnes Power sped down to the bridge, as was her wont after tea; only to-night she did not pause to watch the water, she went at once up the hill and then stopped to look back at the town lying in the valley beneath.

Homesickness was heavy on her heart to-night, it seemed to her as though the longing to see her dear ones must overcome her.

As she stood there, a moan from within the thicket to her right approached her ear. Stepping through the trees and shrubs in its direction, she was amazed to come upon Alminere. She was sitting on a fallen tree, her head bent backward, her eyes fixed on the sky, whose light lay in her features and revealed suffering, which filled Agnes's soul with pity and alarm.

"Alminere!" she cried, and was by the girl's side in an instant. "What is the matter, Alminere?"

She could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. What suffering was this that looked out from Alminere's eyes.

A determination dawned in the girl's pain-stricken face. "You are good; I will tell you."

Agnes passed one arm round the girl and felt she was trembling.

"Perhaps, dear, you had better not talk; you will tell me some other time if you wish to."

"No. Now! now! It will be such a relief. I have kept it so long—so long." Oh! the dull ache in each word. "Once I was wicked; it was long ago. I was young then. I—I did not realize the sin of it—and I loved him."

"Hush, dear, hush."

Agnes spoke very gently; she knew all now. This was a fallen sister whose heart beat hard against her own; but she did not shrink from her; her clasp tightened more closely around the trembling form. "I know now, dear."

"No, you don't know; you don't know how, when it was too late, I knew the wickedness and turned from it. How I went all day with the weight of sin upon me and spent the night in tears; how I shrank from every woman I met, feeling unworthy even to touch her hand, knowing the gulf that lay between us; how the bright sun was a reproach to me and the night a despair. But I kept myself good, and sometimes it seemed as if it might somehow come right in the end."

Agnes Power was crying now, silently.

"I thought all this was my punishment, this! Oh! God."

The girl flung up her arms in an action of despair, then she went on again in the same dull, even tone:

"Martin Maynard loves me." There was a pursing of the full red lips, a sudden soft gleam in the wild, dark eyes, then it went out and misery took its place.

"He—asked—me—to—be—his—wife;—me!" The words came in short, quick gasps. "He asked me yesterday, and I am to answer him this afternoon. I think the fallen angels must feel so before God. I love him, honour him, and yet I must never be near him again."

To a girl like Agnes Power, who had never come in contact with shame and shame's suffering this ordeal was terrible; but she felt no revulsion against the girl, only a divine pity. What could she say to comfort her? There was nothing to say. What good to whisper of the forgiven Magdalen—she spent her after days in penitence and prayer. And this woman wanted something more—less than the forgiveness of God—the mercy of man!

Alminere broke down here and sobbed wildly, and Agnes, feeling it might do her good, let her cry as she held her closely and caressed with tender touch the heavy, black, waving hair.

"Does he think of all he robbed me of?" she cried.

"The hope of happiness—the love of a pure man."

"Poor thing; poor thing!"

"Don't pity me; what good does it do? The world was such a beautiful place. I was so happy, so glad of living, and now—now—" She broke off and buried her face in her long fingered, nervous hands.

When she went on her excitement was gone, her words came again in dull, level tones: "Are they conscious of their blessings, those women who have done no wrong—never been tempted to do wrong? Do they thank God every day that he has kept them good? What is it like to feel happy—to feel no weight pressing, turning on the mind. I used to think I would be happy if I could only forget—forget for a little while; but I want more than that now, I want to be worthy of Martin's love, to be his wife, the mother of his children."

The voice fell into a whisper here at that dim picture of pure motherhood; a soft light loomed in her eyes, but it went out in a flash and mad misery leapt in its stead.

"There is nothing before me," she cried. "Oh! God, there is nothing before me."

Agnes Power was as pale as the miserable woman in her arms. She possessed one of those acutely sympathetic natures which realize in the hearing the feeling of the narrator.

A woman is always sympathetic, unless she be something not worthy of the name of woman. With men it is a rare quality. The mediocre man does not possess it in even the smallest degree.

To be sympathetic a man must either possess feminine weakness or God-like greatness.

As Agnes Power listened to the girl's miserable story

her whole soul was stirred. What would she say to comfort her? What could she say to comfort her?

"Listen to me," she cried, tremulously. "Listen to me, you must tell Martin everything—everything, and perhaps he will forgive you!"

"Tell him! How could I tell him? He loves me—I love him!"

"By that love he has a right to know."

"He will despise me," moaned Alminere.

"No; he will not despise you. It may kill his love for you, but he will pity you; he is a good man."

It was beautiful to see the light that came into Alminere's face. She crouched no longer, but drew merely to her full height and stood in silence for a moment, then she fell at Agnes Power's feet and kissed them again and again.

"Oh! don't—don't—you mustn't kiss my feet. Who am I?"

"God's messenger," cried the girl. "God's messenger; yes! I will tell Martin, he shall know everything. She drew in a deep sigh; not the sigh of sorrow, but of relief, gave a swift smile into Agnes's face and flew down the hill towards the village.

Agnes Power followed the girl more slowly. The world was changed since she last went that way. She had had a glimpse into the world many women live and die without guessing at. She had always shrank in thought from any one guilty of wrong-doing, while feeling a sorrow for them; but to-day the knowledge had seized her that sin is its own punishment; the consequence of sin the law's avenger; that nature, who was God in the beginning, thus claims her due, while God in the end stretches forth his hand in tender pity. The girl had done grievous wrong and she had suffered for it. Her words kept echoing through Agnes's mind, "But I kept myself good." Deep in thought she hurried down the hill.

CHAPTER VII.

"It would make it easier."

Alminere made straight for the spot which Martin Maynard had appointed for their meeting. It was a short way past the forge. Alminere could see the blazing fire, hear the measured clip—clip—clip of the hammer falling upon the hot iron as she hurried by. Martin was waiting for her; she saw him before he saw her, for she was in his thoughts and his eyes were fixed on the water below.

This spot was on the highest point of the cliff. Here the wind stirred amongst the maple branches when the leaves in the valley beneath lay longing for a breath; here marvellous mosses beautified the stones and fallen trees, and wild clematis clung closely to low branches, beginning to melt under this close caress. When a crackling branch betrayed Alminere's approach, Martin turned and started forward to meet her with a world of love in his eyes.

"You have brought me my answer, Allie?" Even his eyes of love could not read the girl's suffering. He wondered why she was so pale, trembling, and moved as though to draw her to him, confident of his answer. But she shrank from the caress and spoke in gasps.

"Don't—don't—touch—me! I—want—to—tell you—something."

But she didn't tell him; she broke off and asked a question instead:

"Do you love me, Martin?"

"Do I love you?" he repeated, and each word was an affirmation.

"You love me because you think I am good—because I have never been wicked. Oh! Martin, I have been wicked."

She wasn't looking at him. Her eyes were fastened on the ground, but she saw nothing. She feared to look up, to meet condemnation in his eyes, but she had not anticipated this.

He caught her in an iron grasp; his face might have been chiselled in stone.

"You have deceived me. You have let me love you—led me on to love you. Woman! you have ruined my faith, my life."

The words fell on her soul just as the sledge hammer in the forge below in the valley was falling upon the burning iron. Clip! clap! clip! The sound came up to them through the stillness of the summer air, and she could not speak, could not say a word to recall his tenderness, his affection. What had Miss Power said? Something about pity. Pity! Was this pity? What a strange word it was—pity! Did it mean anything—was there meaning in anything?

After a great mental ordeal, which has absorbed every faculty of feeling, there comes this lull of sensibility, when the real and the unreal war with each other, and it is a question of sanity, which conquers.

Martin woke her from her mental haze.

"Tell me his name, that I may kill him."

"His name! No, no! I have done harm enough; but you shall do nothing wrong for me, it hurts so afterwards—afterwards." Then in a low, strained, far off tone: "What good would it do if you hunted the whole world over and then killed him? Would it give me back my innocence, my happiness, or increase your honour?" Martin, dear, dear Martin—don't mind my calling you that just for the last time—you—you will forget me—forget me because I am not worthy to be remembered. Only, by-and-bye, Martin, remember I have—she caught her breath hard—I have always tried to do right—since—and—I didn't try to make you love me, though I was glad when you did. And—and I hope you will forget me and love some good woman."

(To be continued.)

RÉCAMIER PREPARATIONS.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, it is not a varnishy liquid which marks you "kalsomined" as distinctly, even at several yards' distance, as though the letters were branded across your brow. It is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial to the complexion, and would restore its texture and colour even though it were used at night and removed in the morning, as the Cream should be.

Récamier Lotion, which has in it a proportion of the Almond meal so much talked of, called, through its wonderful success in removing freckles and moth patches, "Moth and Freckle Lotion," is perhaps the most marvellous in its results of any of the articles known as "Récamiers." It will remove Freckles and Moth Patches, is soothing and efficacious in any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after an hour spent in the streets or travelling. It is a most desirable substitute for the cologne and waters which many ladies use for want of something better.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured: the holting cloth through which it is sifted is made of such finely woven silk that no other powder, French or American, will go through it. It is guaranteed free from bismuth, lead or arsenic, and should be used as well in the nursery as for the toilet of older persons. It is a delightful powder for gentlemen after shaving, and has the advantage of staying on, and will not make the face shine.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure soap, containing the healing ingredients found in the Récamier Cream and Lotion. Mme. Patti, since the introduction of the Récamier Soap, has discarded all others. She says:—"Récamier Soap is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps."

The **RÉCAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS** are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and **CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC**, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
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If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Récamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Récamier Cream, \$1.50; Récamier Balm, \$1.50; Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

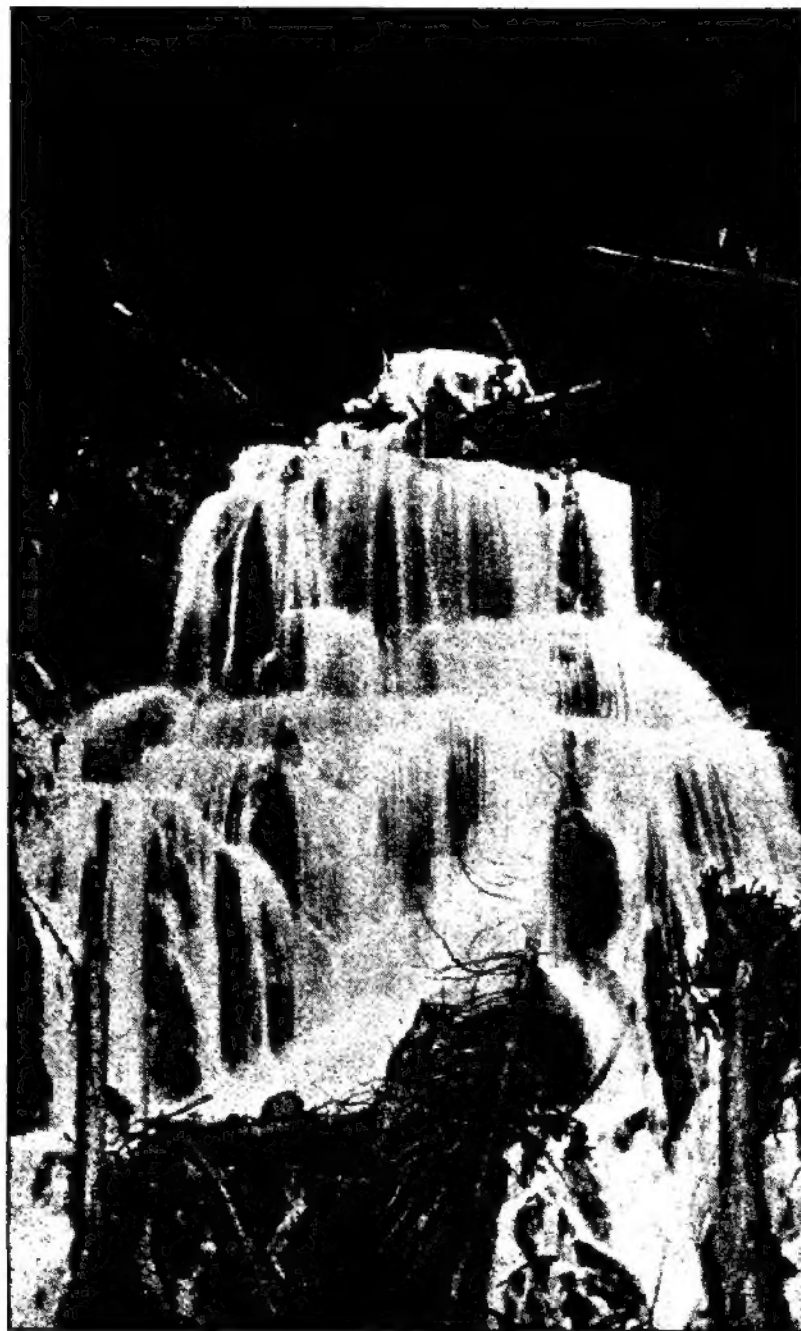
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THE PHYSICAL NECESSITY OF A GOOD CARRIAGE FOR WOMEN.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads. The aristocratic carriage is within reach of any girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only a question of a few years of vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself; and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never afterward loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over thirty, and which is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going up stairs, which most women do bent forward with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.—*Star*.



CASCADE IN THE SELKIRKS, B.C.

HUMOUROUS.

AT THE 'UNT BALL.—Lady: But I haven't the pleasure of an introduction.—Mr. Spavins (who believes one can get over all these little formalities by a pleasant word): Ah, well, we both run the same risk, yer know, ma'am.

IT WAS NEEDED.—"Where is the drawing-room?" asked Mrs. Struckoyle, as she looked over the architect's plans. "I thought perhaps the front and back parlors would obviate—" "No, indeed; we must have a drawing-room, for my daughter is determined to be an artist."

"Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jamey?" "You bet. You take her to the the-a-ter and bring her candies." "I'm glad I can make her happy." "Yes, and the young fellow what she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money toward going to housekeeping."

HE HELPED THE TEACHER OUT.—Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his auntie on his return. "Didn't learn anything!" said Tommy. "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything! A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

OIL ON THE WATERS.—Steward: Did you ring, sir? Smithkins: Wing! wather. Got an engagement on deck this morning with Miss Jenkins. Your steamer wobbles wound so, I can't awange my hair. Take this bottle of oil to the captain and ask him to throw it overboard, and see if it won't get the Atlantic quiet enough for me to awange my toilet.

MAUDE: O, Daisy, I saw your new little poodle the other day. Daisy (ecstatically): Did you? Isn't he just too sweet for anything? Maude: Yes; but I thought you said some of his pretty curly hair had been burned off. Daisy: O it had; but I just patched him up with one of grandma's new "waves;" it's just a splendid match, you'd never know the difference.

MINNIE: I wonder what ever became of Jennie Smart, who took first prize in our graduating class? Mamie: Why, don't you know? She wrote an article on "The Degradation of American Womanhood," got

\$1,000 for it from a magazine, went into Wall Street, made a fortune, and went to Europe and bought one of the sweetest little princes you ever saw!

A good story is told of Norman entering a room in which was a cage containing a magnificent owl. He stood surveying the bird for a long time without making a single remark. The owl sat unmoved, placid, and erect. His mien was dignified, his horns impressive, his eyes cold and observant, his countenance sagacious and critical. At length Norman broke silence: "Man, ye wad make a splendid moderawtor!"

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of "Look out!" and popping his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed indignantly: "Inglishman big fool! He say 'look out!' when he mean 'look in!'"

MINISTER (playfully, to old parishioner who has been criticising his views): Well, no doubt, John, there are many points in which you may differ from me, and on some of them you may be right while I am wrong, but in the church you know, the pew can make no reply to the pulpit. Parishioner: Ay, sir, that's just it; but min' ye, minister, it's a gey lucky thing for the pulpit that it is sae—and it's sometimes just as weel, too, that ye're preachin' to *pew*s and no' to onything handy.

WHEN Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laborer was once brought into court as a witness. When he came up to be sworn his lordship said to him: "Really, witness, when you have to appear before the court it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness "If your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "What do you mean, sir?" asked his lordship, angrily. "Why, faith," said the laborer, "You come here in your working clothes, and I come in mine."

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.